Three Score and Then Some

Brian Swann
Panicked, I split. He one way, I another. I come upon him huddled in the woods, an echo repeating no sound, catching his breath. I pull him to his feet. Let’s go, I say. Look on the bright side. Miles to go. We pick up branches and pile them on each other. We laugh, making rocks sway, take on shapes like in the old days. A few more turns round the field and the sun shoots up head-high, squawking and creaking. Everything’s flashing, so we go on, collecting, two birds hell-bent with rain starting to form other beings that dovetail ours with incompletion and fragments beginning to relax into themselves, each drop a spark leavening itself big enough for us to wander through as if for ever. And there we go, haunted by ourselves, clearing the air, floating through windows, limber, roots wide as ships, on roads that wander over and through the air about us, glossy, dethroned, joyful in our own funeral, split like an atom, unmapped, bright, companionable and cold.